

The history

Ile haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.
That moulders gobins swift as fienzes thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you,

Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, shame,
Pursue thy life, and huc aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for ray aking bones, Oh world,
world --- thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and
bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill re-
quired, why should our endeuour bee so lou'd and the per-
formance so loathed, what verſe for it? What instance for it?

Let me ſee,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,

Till he hath loſt his hony and his ſting.

And being once ſubdude in armed taile,

Sweet hony, and ſweet notes together faile.

Good traider in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes,

As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,

Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall.

Or if you cannot weepe yet giue ſome groanes,

Though not for me yet for my aking bones:

Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-ore trade,

Some two monthes hence my will ſhall here be made,

It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this,

Some gauled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſſe.

Till then ile ſweat and ſeeke about for eaſes,

And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes.

FINIS.

